The COMMONWEAL

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Feeding the Conquered Peoples

WE HAVE stated that, as regards the European situation, we are neither for conciliation and compromise with the dictators, nor for war; and that we would make it our policy in these coming months to explore the ways by which our country can keep such a peace. A most important one is positive action for peace. We do not mean here conferences and resolutions, but a direction of the forces of our country into the channels of peace work. In regard to ourselves, this means the conscious united effort to solve our own problems constructively; in regard to Europe, the immediate theme of this paragraph, it means salvage and succor on a scale which Americans have not yet attempted, or even thought of. The points of attack are many, and we mean to return to them. The one we stress here, because the public is being called upon to reach a decision regarding it, is the need of food, medicine and clothing in the conquered countries.

We have already said, and we repeat, that it seems to us the plain duty of democrats and Christians to supply this need as long as there are the resources here to do so. We do not mean that it is infallibly a Christian duty, but that it is the practical policy we ourselves derive from religious and political principles. Some of THE COMMONWEAL's contributing editors dissent, and in their published letters our readers have had the opportunity to assay the arguments of opposition. We shall try to give our own answer in the course of developing our positive position.

Briefly, the conquered countries have now no voice, no choice and no hope. They are helpless victims, and helpless victims have the right to succor. That is the concrete truth which confronts us Americans and it is exceedingly dangerous to introduce between it and us other speculations as to whether the giving of such succor will prolong the war. Only God knows whether it will or not; there are too many factors in the tragic situation for fallible human logic to guarantee the outcome. It is at least no more certain that anguish and despair will work against the conquerors than that new hope of life will not inspire resistance in the conquered. But it does seem certain that, if famine and plague sweep Europe, we shall find it intolerable to reflect that we might have prevented them, and we shall find the aftermath of the war bitter with a terribly disruptive bitterness. Two requisites there are for any such campaign of aid: permission of the British authorities who maintain the blockade, and reasonable security that what we are giving will go where we intend it to go. It is taken too much for granted that the British would refuse. Even without forcing them with a final "or else" proposition, they might delegate a blockade control official to help work out a system of provisioning which they too would consider better than a universal blockade. They have permitted France to ship food from Africa and are preparing to cooperate with us in feeding Spain.

For the rest, we have already quoted the statement of Herbert Hoover, who, in spite of opinion about his other activities, is the world's ranking expert in organizing this sort of help, and also of the Friends. Polish relief has been successful, and Finnish relief also. Mr. Hoover should at once be asked for particulars, and someone should be given full power by this country to confer with Britain on the development of a proper technique for putting it in operation. It will doubtless mean going cautiously at first. It will almost certainly mean later bringing into the occupied territories thousands of American units to effect proper distribution; and it will mean spending more money than we have ever thought of spending for such a cause. It must be done therefore with the conscious cooperation of all our people. There are tremendous difficulties involved, but if our country can be aroused to see that opportunity, we shall have an arena of constructive and vital action for the forces rising within us as the struggle goes on. We shall give an example of brotherliness in a world perishing for such an example. And we shall be helping in the moral and physical preparation for peace, when peace does finally come.

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Opposition and Loyalty

Willkie's Speech

PEOPLE who are not active in politics, whose tools for their work are not popular action and mass power, cannot help but feel frustrated by the approach of politics to a nation's problems. Why is it that there has been so much concern expressed since the election for national unity and so much self consciousness over the rights and duties of an opposition? How could anyone possibly object to the Republicans and Mr. Willkie working out of office for the principles he listed in his Armistice Day address? It is extremely doubtful if the President and the Democratic party would themselves take exception to the list of principles; they are working for them too. Most likely the Democrats would agree on the good of working toward the five steps proposed by the defeated candidate to avoid inflation by improperly regulated spending. Willkie insists upon his agreement with the President in foreign affairs, and proposes only one thing that might meet New Deal objections, that aid to Britain should be given only with the collaboration of Congress every step of the way. The differences almost throughout are in emphasis and in the judgment of past performance and of possibilities for the future. But we believe that the principal worries of the people go below this surface. The majority want to be reassured that the minority has no design to build an opposition to New Deal reform outside the constitutional and democratic laws and traditions of the nation. The minority wants assurance that those in governmental power will respect the constitutional and traditional limits of their powers over non-conformists. It will take action (and restraint from action) on both sides to give the country firm assurance. The sense of urgency is created by two things: the fact that various forms of fascism have taken over certain foreign countries, and the fact that many want unity for war, some for defense. Why isn't the debate about totalitarianism and the war?

Repudiated Sense

Kennedy Off the Record

DEMOCRACY is a funny word. It seems to mean all things to all men. But when you boil it down, a residue of meaning, a residue which colors all its particular meanings and which is the reason for the existence of democratic institutions, seems to be left. It is the notion that individual rights are in some sense superior to collective interests.

This superiority can be asserted in doctrinaire fashion. Thus men believe that democracy lies in their *right* to speak, even if what is said unjustly injures. Or in their *right* to manage what belongs to them, even if they mismanage it. Or in their *right* to believe what they will, even if society is thereby directly undermined. Such sacred rights are then conceived as subject to curtailment only when there is need for a desperate remedy, never on principle. This attitude toward democracy tends to anarchy and self-defeat.

Or this superiority can be asserted as subject to a higher law, not of man's invention, of which law the state, for better or worse, acts as a limited agent. This higher law must, of course, be freely accepted by the bulk of the people. In practice it may consist of only a small fraction of what a perfect vision would show us to be the fullness of the law of nature and the law of God. It may amount to little more than general agreement on a few very simple principles against which the action of a majority is *per se* invalid. Here is the classical American attitude, taken by the founders of the United States.

Or this superiority can be *denied* as ephemeral and as generally against the interests of the state, because it impairs the efficiency of the state and therefore the collective happiness. This is the sense in which, through a denial, totalitarian nations call themselves democratic. Be it noted that only this last case—the denial of the essence of individual rights—is compatible with absolute rule, either by a majority or by a minority.

Until now for a hundred years doctrinaire democracy, recognizing no limits to men's rights, has more and more tended to entice the western mind. The intellectual has insisted on free speech to the utterance, calling it the touchstone of democracy, and the man of property has insisted upon freedom over his property to the utterance, calling that the touchstone of democracy. So much have both tended to abhor the subjection of their freedoms to any limitation in principle that they have come in practice to prefer to have them denied altogether rather than to see them so subjected.

War, particularly modern war, is an inexorable taskmaster. It tolerates no doctrinaire freedom, especially none over goods. So when, in late June, J. L. Benvenisti wrote from London, "we are down to basic reality at last. It is a very hard and bitter reality, but there is no more government by optimism and make-believe," his words meant that England knew she must sacrifice her freedoms if she would seriously strive to win this war.

In September Dorothy Thompson put it another way. She pointed out that the people of Britain had solidified behind their government because they believed that government was no longer fighting to preserve a doctrinaire economic "democracy"—absolute freedom for the owner over his goods—which that people had come to abhor.

And now, in an interview repudiated but not denied, Ambassador Kennedy says democracy in England is dead, that England is not fighting for democracy, that if we get into war, our democracy

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will also die. If by that Ambassador Kennedy meant doctrinaire democracy—the various freedoms pushed to their utterance—he certainly is right. If he meant (and one may be sure he didn't) that an utter scorn for freedom, a denial of the reality and utility of freedom, has possessed the English mind—in a word, that Englishmen have become doctrinaire totalitarians, it is not true.

What his reported words may portend, though perhaps not designedly, is that out of this war can come—perhaps will not come, but can come—something which seems the only hope for a viable way of life, a way of life based upon freedom, but upon freedom properly subject to truth and justice, a freedom which does not defeat itself. Our problem is to discover how such a freedom can be implemented, not in a world or a nation at war, but in a world at peace, and tempted with the temptations of peace. H. L. B.

Peace is the Object

"Can We Justify Neutrality?"

THE REASON that we print William Agar's "Can We Justify Neutrality?" is that it persuasively represents the views of a number of our friends and collaborators. It does not represent the views of the Editors. All of us agree that the ultimate objective is peace with justice, the tranquillity of order. But as far as we can see, Mr. Agar and his adherents believe that our entry into the war as a full belligerent is the most moral and prudent means of achieving this peace. We do not.

The chief difficulty in analyzing this article is that debate has not yet defined the terms. We have to approximate what is meant by such key words as neutrality, intervention, war. There is also much vagueness as to what Mr. Agar would have the United States do. Does his conclusion of non-neutrality call for sending Britain a larger proportion of the planes we are building, complete cooperation with the British blockade and/or a declaration of war? Is it a plea that Americans, particularly American Catholics, agree to do whatever the British desire of us at every stage of the conflict? His practical objective is not specifically enough stated.

The thread of Mr. Agar's argument is, however, comparatively simple to grasp. By an extremely able selection, juxtaposition, and interpretation of texts from various authorities, he builds up the argument that an American Catholic is morally bound to favor overt war at Britain's side against Hitler. It is a line of argument from authority which, considered all by itself, seems watertight; whereas equally weighty, and in some cases the same, authorities can, in fact, be cited to justify radical non-participation in a modern war—witness Father Stratmann, the *Catholic Worker*.

Mr. Agar objects to Christian pacifism as a counsel of perfection for individuals since it would prevent recourse to arms by the body politic "to repel force by force." You cannot force people to be perfectionists. But his argument cuts both ways. Have not the millions of European families who came to America to escape European turmoils the the same right to object to Mr. Agar's counsel of intervention? They would not follow it as a free act of conscience. If in wartime conscientious objectors may object and take the consequences, should not conscientious interventionists in peace time enlist and take the consequences?

The article cites Bishop Lucey on the neutrality of the Holy See: "the paternal and all-embracing affection of the Good Shepherd for His sheep." May not American Catholics share in this affection? May we not share the "neutral" outlook of the Holy Father? Neither the Pope nor the European hierarchies have advocated the extension of the war to America.

Mr. Agar's texts and argument reach a climax in a citation from John Eppstein's well-thumbed "Right Against Might" on Saint Ambrose's rule of intervention: "that it is not a sin to fail to repel an injury done one's neighbor if one has not the ability to help him. That is, neither the military nor economic strength, or because the distance is too great, or in the case of governments, because it would expose its own people to excessive damage or destruction." The last phrase comprises an important sector of the argument, yet Mr. Agar fails to take it up. He also neglects the equally important consideration of the evils that would befall the peoples of Europe and the rest of the world if th United States were also to be fighting.

If Mr. Agar's argument, texts and all, is carried to its logical conclusion, it means that we should attack in military force all those who deny human rights and all those who seek to spread false religions. Not only should we taken on Japan for its cruelty and aggression toward China, but even the Chinese themselves for their paganism. We should have invaded Soviet Russia long ago. And how about all the fiery Moslems?

But the chief criticism of "Can We Justify Neutrality" is not the vulnerability we feel can be found in its chain of argument. It is the fundamental assumption that Americans must choose between washing their hands of the whole affair and actually going to war. This appears to us an utterly false dilemma. It would be unjust to Britain to cut off the considerable American aid that is already under way, and very few, least of all the Editors of THE COMMONWEAL, are in favor of withdrawing it. We strongly believe that the best course lies in positive actions *between* appeasement and armed intervention and, while we value discussion and argument, no charges of "neutral" or "appeaser" will easily down this conviction.

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Can We Justify Neutrality?

A plea for America's open participation in the war.

By William M. Agar

THIS IS a serious time for America. We are rearming as rapidly as our late start allows. We have ever before us the spectre of a possible collapse of Great Britain. We are beginning to understand what that will mean to us both in terms of the eclipse of human liberty and the disintegration of our economy. Yet we are divided among ourselves. Some are still pacifists, some are isolationists, a few are planning appeasement. But an ever increasing number are sufficiently realistic to understand that it only takes one to start a war and that we have little chance left to avoid war in this hemisphere, assuming, of course, that we do not propose to make obeisance to Hitler and thus gain peace at the price of our liberty. Our chance is this: with all the power we can muster thrown into the fight on the side of England, we may be able to stop Hitler before he trains his guns on the Western Hemisphere.

The American people are not neutral at heart. We have long been at war with Hitler and with all that he stands for. Yet, as a nation, we maintain a fictitious neutrality which deceives no one, least of all the Axis. There is no virtue in pacifism or in neutrality which denies aid to a neighbor in dire distress. There is merely unwillingness to face reality or, worse, inability to distinguish between right and wrong. It is true that there will always be those who quote Christ's counsel not to resist evil but to turn the other cheek, against the teachings of the Catholic moralists that it is lawful to repel force by force. But, as John Eppstein points out,[1] Saint Augustine, Saint Thomas Aquinas, Francis de Vittoria and all the moralists who have continued to expound their teachings on the ethics of war have shown that this is a counsel addressed to individuals. Every one of us may refrain, from higher motives, from exercising our right of self-defence, as did many martyrs honored by the Church. But no Christian precept bids us to expose others to injury without resistance, or to abstain from helping our neighbor when he is attacked. Cardinal Mercier applied our Lord's supreme praise: "Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends" (John xv. 23) to the Belgian soldiers who died defending their fatherland.

As Bishop Robert E. Lucey wrote:[2]

> A great many people, particularly in our country, consider peace as the absence of war. Certain isolationists claim that if our government will do nothing, say nothing, think nothing in the field of international relations, we shall have peace. In a restricted sense and for an uncertain period that is true.
>
> There is a peace which is finer and more real than the absence of armed conflict. If a small nation is invaded by a ruthless neighbor, it may surrender its sovereignty without a fight. That small nation will then enjoy peace in the absence of war, but it may well be a wretched and pitiful peace. In the finer sense peace is the tranquility of order, it is security, liberty, religious and political and economic freedom, it is life with honor. . . .
>
> As a matter of fact, if our peace effort consists merely in trying to keep our country out of war, we may well lose not only the peace of security and liberty but even the peace that is freedom from war.

Eppstein shows also that the teaching of the fathers and the theologians is no less clear on the question of intervention than is their doctrine of self-defence. Saint Ambrose, Bishop of Milan wrote:[3] "That courage which in war guards one's fatherland from barbarous attack—or defends one's comrades from brigands—is full of justice." Saint Augustine writes of a war of conquest:[4] "What is it but brigandage on a large scale?" Saint Ambrose also lays down the rule which is the necessary consequence of the brotherhood of mankind and which has been constantly reaffirmed by the Popes:[5] "He who, if he is able, does not ward off injury done to his comrades sins as much as he who does the injury." And eight hundred years later in the canons dealing with war in the Decretals of Gratian we find the following:[6] "It is right to repel by force of arms an injury done to one's comrades, he who does not do this consents to the injury." The Crusades were based on this very principle.

On what grounds, then, may a state remain neutral when one party to a war has evidently committed a wanton attack and the other is justly defending himself? Neutrality which regards war as other people's business is the negation of the necessity for mutual assistance upon which peace between nations depends. Bishop Lucey writes:[7]

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[1] "Right against Might." With an introduction by Cardinal Hinsley. Catholic Social Guild. Oxford. 1940.

[2] THE COMMONWEAL, Sept. 6, 1940, p. 401.
[3] De Officiis, I, 27. [4] De Civitate Dei, Lib. 4, cap. 6.
[5] De Officiis, I, 36. [6] Can. 10, C, XXIII. [7] Op. cit. p. 403.

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> When a war breaks out, even though it be a war of stark and predatory aggression by a strong nation against a weaker neighbor, we expect that non-belligerent countries will immediately notify the governments at war that they maintain neutrality. This declaration of neutrality is considered by us to be normal, customary and a matter of routine.
>
> But neutrality as between unprovoked aggression and courageous defense is really not normal at all. It is merely one of the several immoralities inherent in a disordered world.

He goes on to say that we can speak of "other people's wars" only "because we have lost the sense of social charity and organic unity which are the normal condition of human society." And again: "We are expected to see no difference between right and wrong. The ruthless, criminal aggressor and the innocent nation attacked must be considered equal and receive the same treatment. This is a public denial of the moral order of the world. To the honor of the American people be it said that with native honesty and a sense of decency they cry out with their whole soul against this desecration of public morality. They condemn unjust aggression for what it is—a crime against heaven and humanity."

In the face of these statements, what excuse have we for remaining neutral? The only possible justification is based on the exception to Saint Ambrose's rule of intervention namely, that it is not a sin to fail to repel an injury done one's neighbor if one has not the ability to help him. That is, neither the military nor economic strength, or because the distance is too great, or in the case of governments, because it would expose its own people to excessive damage or destruction.[8]

We cannot make the latter plea since we have committed many acts of war and we are fully aware that Hitler recognizes them as such. Distance is not an important consideration these days, so there is no excuse left but that of utter helplessness. We do not want to plead that any more. We are rearming as best we can. We are giving increasing material assistance to England. We are getting ready for what we recognize may be our fight at any time—ours because the Axis powers will force it upon us. It will be the same fight then. It will be war to decide which one of two types of civilization will survive, just as it is now. The right and the wrong of it will be the same as they are today and as they have been for the past year. So why do we claim to be neutral?

Any Question?

Is there any question in our minds concerning who is the aggressor as between England and Germany? We do not have to go back into past history and try to account for every action each nation has ever committed in order to judge the present conflict. Our own actions, including our dereliction of duty after the last war when we refused to partake in the attempt to establish and maintain a just peace, would have to be included in any such attempt to add up and balance all the errors of the past. Such an attempt will lead nowhere, but the present case is clear. A new type of enemy threatens Christendom, to which we and also England belong. The race and the nation are substituted for God and demand full control of the individual. In order to accomplish this Christianity must be destroyed, and the rights which we believe man possesses because he is the child of God must be relegated to the State which can then do with any individual as it pleases. Freedom of conscience and freedom of worship cannot be tolerated by any totalitarian state which hopes to endure. In the words of a well known Catholic educator:[9]

> This is a world revolution that is on foot and it is everywhere succeeding precisely because it has not been recognized for what it is. And the extraordinary part of it is, once again, that its own authors never cease explaining to us exactly what they are attempting. It is a revolution, and its objective is to wipe democracy off the face of the earth. Mussolini explained it from the balcony of the Palazzo Venezia when he declared war on France and England as a war "to destroy the pluto-democracies." And the greatest of the pluto-democracies, the plutocratic, capitalistic state *par excellence,* is, as they never cease telling us, The United States of America.

Pope Pius XII, in his first Encyclical "Summi Pontificatus" wrote:[10]

> The idea which credits the State with unlimited authority is not simply an error harmful to the internal life of nations, to their prosperity, and to the larger and well-ordered increase in their well being, but likewise it injures the relations between peoples, for it breaks the unity of supra-national society, robs the law of nations of its foundation and vigor, leads to violation of others' rights and impedes agreement and peaceful intercourse.

The same Pope, in his Christmas Message of December 23, 1939, places in the category of "irreconcilable acts": premeditated aggressions against a small, laborious and peaceful people on the pretext of a threat which neither exists, nor is desired, nor is possible"; "Disregard for the dignity, liberty and life of man"; and "an ever-growing and increasingly methodical anti-Christian and atheistic propaganda, especially among the young." After mentioning the "blood-stained soil of Poland and Finland" he went on to present certain points necessary for a just peace, the first of which was: "to assure the right to life and independence of all nations, large and small, strong and weak. One nation's will to live must never be tantamount to a death sentence for another."

What more can the Pope say? This is not a war where all Christian peoples are opposed to an outside infidel power, as was true in the Crusades,

[8] See Eppstein, op. cit. pp.10-11.

[9] Wilfrid Parsons, S.J., *Columbia,* Sept. 1940, pp. 1 and 16.

[10] Oct. 20, 1939, p. 24.

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but a situation in which an evil power has arisen within a group of nations and has subjected the minds as well as the bodies of formerly well-intentioned Christians to its diabolical will. The Pope can and has condemned the evil thing itself. He cannot condemn the multitude of his flock who are ensnared except in so far as they acquiesce in the State religion. Bishop Lucey wrote:[12]

> The neutrality of the Holy See is not the political neutrality of secular states; it is rather the paternal and all embracing affection of the Good Shepherd for his sheep; it is the exalted and indivisible solicitude of the vicar of Christ for all the children of God. . . . He proclaims without ceasing the principles of social justice and charity. If an aggressor flouts these principles, he stands self-condemned before the bar of social morality interpreted and proclaimed by the Father of Christendom. But only secular states can apply the appropriate penalties.

Certainly, in the present instance, it is not Great Britain that by her acts stands self-condemned. She is fighting for, not against the right of the individual man. It is not she who is developing a "methodical anti-Christian and atheistic propaganda." She has attacked no "small, laborious and peaceful people." On the other hand we know what Hitler has done in these connections. But let us harken to the words of Pope Pius XI with reference to the German attempt to stifle Christianity. The Encyclical Letter of March 14, 1937, "Mit brennender Sorge"[13] states the reasons for concluding the concordat "in spite of serious misgiving at the time," so as not to "refuse the hand of peace of Mother Church to anyone who does not himself reject it." It goes on to say "The lessons of the past years make it clear where the responsibility lies. They disclose machinations that from the beginning had no other aim than a war of extermination. In the furrow where we labored to plant the seeds of sincere peace, others were sowing—like the enemy in Holy Scripture (Matthew xiii. 25)—the tares of discord, hatred, calumny, of secret and open enmity against Christ and his Church. . . ." Certain specific condemnations of the German State religion follow.

These are words written by the Pope to the Hierarchy of Germany condemning the State religion as set up by Hitler before the horror he was brewing broke over the rest of the world.

Understanding Hitler

It requires a complete understanding of Hitler's contempt for Christian principles and the democratic form of government in order to comprehend the changes which his victory will bring into our world. Western Europe and the Americas have developed a civilization which, in spite of all its faults and all its derelictions, has multiplied free nations, has emphasized the integrity and worth of the individual, and has acknowledged the moral values that flow from the gospel of Christ. It is true that we have failed in many ways. As Cardinal Hinsley said:[14]

> The real Christian life requires energy, involves struggle and self-discipline.
>
> Easy going Christians give some color to the charge of neo-pagans that Christianity is a failure. But whose is the blame for defeat if we have not the courage to count the cost of victory, if we will not face the fight?
>
> We are in the front line trenches all the time; the victory is won by the soldier who stands his ground.
>
> Christians fail; Christianity never.

The fact remains, however, that as long as Christian ideals are held up as the aim of nations as well as of individuals there is a chance for betterment. Hitler would change all that. "Mein Kampf," the conversations reported by Rauschning in "The Voice of Destruction" and the devastating criticism of the whole régime embodied in Foerster's "Europe and the German Question" show clearly what he is attempting to do. He has stated that one cannot be a German and a Christian, and that "Those who look upon National Socialism as a political movement misconceive its nature. It is more than a religion. It is the creation of the supermen. I will free the German race from one thousand years of domestication." This phrasing is clear. Hitler and his party reject every spiritual and moral restraint, those things, that is, which make it possible for the weak to live with the strong, which have elevated woman to the position she occupies in the Christian world, and which enable love and self-sacrifice to overcome the lust and cruelty of man.

Foerster has well said, "The tragedy of Germany is in its essence a spiritual tragedy." There is no question on which side the right is at the present time. Not, at least, for those among us who profess Christianity, or for those who, having forsaken Christianity, yet try to abide by the code of ethics which is an integral part of Christian teaching. Surely, then, it is questionable whether we have the moral right as a nation to stand aside and announce to the world that this war is none of our business. It is our business just as much as the welfare of the poor traveler who fell among thieves should have been the business of every passer-by.

It is our business also because our kind of civilization is attacked by an enemy that will give no quarter and England is sorely pressed. Time is running out and we may soon be left to face the common enemy of Christendom alone.

If we refuse to see it as our business, we shall suffer whether England wins or loses. We shall suffer as they do who have broken the code they profess; who through human weakness have failed their fellow man in an hour of trial.

[12] Op. Cit. p. 403.
[13] Vatican Press Translation.
[14] Easter Sermon, 1940.

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Childrens' Books, 1940

IT MAY be that this year I have been less conscientious, or else that I am growing more used to the delights of juvenile literature, and hence have no longer any fine first rapture. But I am inclined to think that this year's crop of books for the young is not up to what it should be, or has been. The war has cast its shadow here as it has elsewhere. A book about Czechoslovakia must carry a preface by Mrs. Roosevelt, bewailing a nation's fate, in order to sugarcoat the bitter pill of sorrow that nation's name inevitably recalls. To avoid all this there has been an emphasis on new scenes, on countries not yet involved directly in catastrophe, particularly on Latin America, and on historical settings. Some of this year's offerings frankly try to explain to tiny tots what all the bloodshed and horror it about. I do not think they are successful, as who could imagine they would be? Last year I bewailed the lack of advance in this department of publishing, and expressed regret that there semeed to be little improvement over the year before. There was, however, one exception. Catholic juveniles. This year it seems to me that the field as a whole has not merely remained stationary, but has positively retrogressed. And as for Catholic books for wee 'uns, there aren't any. At least there aren't any that I would have the courage to single out and recommend as "better" than any others. But if it is some consolation, I can report that this year's juveniles seems to have lost their *fear* of religion—that fear which prevented an author from having a little Basque boy, let's say, ever go near a church and which enforced the omission of all mention of religion. This year religion is more in style; little boys and girls once more go to Church and hear about God and know about the saints.

All this is not intended, of course, to suggest that there is nothing worth seeing or giving or reading in this year's collection. That would be nonsense. Books for children are still one of the most flourishing and healthy of contemporary literary phenomena, and any degeneration I may have felt (and which may be real enough) is far less than the degeneration which has taken place in other fields of literary endeavor. War has cast its deeper shadow elsewhere. We begin to be conscious of what it means to see practically nothing from the entire European continent in our publishers' catalogues (except the old, or else that written in exile, which is rarely the same as that written at home, and in the knowledge that there is a home). So the youngsters will not lack reading matter this holiday time—will not, indeed, lack a wide choice. And among the books offered, there are some that stand their chance of being permanently added to what childhood cherishes. Last spring there appeared a volume devoted entirely to books for young people, "Reading with Children" (Anne T. Eaton, Viking, $2.50). Since a second edition has already been issued, one can safely assume that the author's work has filled a real need. I have found Miss Eaton's book excellent as far as it goes. The trouble is that it does not go far enough. Her recommendations are all pretty sound, but she utterly neglects to mention some books which I believe deserve mention. Thus in her religious section we find nothing of Joan Windham, Loren Ford or Fanny

Ten of the Best

An asterisk means that the book is recommended by the Pro Parvulis Book Club, but does not mean that the PPBC would necessarily agree in listing the book among the best ten; that accolade is purely mine.

*APRIL'S KITTENS. Clare Turlay Newberry. Harper. $1.75. Mrs. Newberry can draw a cat about as well as anyone in the business, and this specimen of her art is well up to standard; the story is warmly human too.

*THEY WERE STRONG AND GOOD. Written and illustrated by Robert Lawson. Viking. $1.50. "The story of the parents and grandparents of most of us who call ourselves Americans. None of them were great or famous, but they were strong and good. They worked hard and had many children . . . Let us be proud of them and guard well the heritage they have left us." A grand book.

*PETER AND THE WOLF. Serge Prokofieff. Illustrated by Warren Chappell. Foreword by Serge Koussevitzky. Knopf. $2.00.
Text, musical score of the principal themes and pictures. The first two are well known, the latter well up to their standard. A book for use with records, or at children's concerts, or to study on your own piano.

*THE CRITTER BOOK. Ellen Simon. Holiday. $1.50. "To all you who like to Make Something Out of Nothing" (Critter-creatures). Lollypop sticks, pencil stubs, corks, pins, feathers, wire, string, old tooth brushes—all make critters. My favorite is the corkupine. Swell, and good for days and weeks of activity.

FIFI. Written and Illustrated by Ludwig Bemelmans. S. & S. $2.00. Fifi is a poodle who has adventures in Africa and almost becomes dog soup. Like last year's Madeline, a fine product of irresponsible genius, pleasing to all ages and sexes, except maybe hypersensitive Negroes. But sophisticated.

TOPSY-TURVY CIRCUS. George Duplaix. Pictures by Tibor Gergely. Harper. $1.50. A French circus is turned inside out for a day, with the animals in charge, but thanks to Rosalie the giraffe, all comes out well in the end.

*UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE. Songs by William Shakespeare. Selected by Julia Louise Reynolds. Illustrations by Leonard Weisgard. Oxford. $2.50. Nearly forty songs with distinguished illustrations. Matter for almost any age.

*HAPPY TIMES IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA. Libushka Bartusek. Illustrated by Yarka Bures. Knopf. $2.00. Mrs. Roosevelt writes a foreword for a book, which cannot help rousing feelings of sadness, so happy is it in depicting the life of a free Czechoslovakia. Pictures of distinction, and the whole is interwoven with religion.

INTRODUCING CHARLES DICKENS. Mary Lamberton Becker. Illustrated by Oscar Ogg. Dodd. $2.50. The prize catch of the year. Mrs. Becker on Dickens turns out to be one of those happiest of conjunctions, and I will venture a guess that so long as Dickens is liked by children, this book will be a *vade mecum*. It fits any age old enough to like any of Boz—which will differ very widely indeed. If you know a child who has such a taste, here is *the* book. And it breathes the England no man can conceive destroyed, any more than Saint Jerome could conceive the fall of Rome.

*THE AMERICAN MOTHER GOOSE. Ray Wood. Illustrated by Ed Hargis. Stokes. $1.25. Most of our native jingles collected for the first time to serve as a fit comparison for their older sister.

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Juveniles—A Practical Guide

Delehanty. Yet I know children like the works of these three. They are, of course, specially directed toward Catholics. But will no Catholic ever consult Miss Eaton's books? With that qualification, however, I recommend her work.

Several times in the past I have remarked upon how each year has its favorite animal, with a run of books devoted thereto. This year we seem to have come off the esoterics and gone back to the old familiars. This year cats and horses are easily the favorites, and it's all right with me. One thing I have done in this year's list, and that is to cut down to a very minimum the category known as "Junior Novels." I have always disliked them. Most of them are trash, or even worse. And for the life of me I cannot see why at the age of fourteen boys and girls who truly like reading cannot devote their attentions to some of the easier, quicker-moving classics. There are Marryat and Kipling and Stevenson, and parts of Dickens can make their appeal. Why, then, trashy love stories, or contemporary imitators of Horatio Alger? No one knows just how much such works can warp children's standards. And, although easily a grade higher—perhaps even in some cases useful—the career books seem to me to glorify worldly success altogether too much, to concentrate too sharply upon the economic future.

So here goes, and here's hoping I'll not be caught up by too many unsatisfied customers.

Animal and Picture Books for the Very Young

I LEAD off with a book of Mrs. Newberry's which is not strictly for children, but which calls attention to others of her creation and tells how she achieves her results. See "Ten of the Best" for her 1940 number. Kindly note the number of felines and equines, with South American oddities running a close second.

DRAWING A CAT. Clare Turlay Newberry. Studio. $1.00. Supplementary reading for those who love Mrs. Newberry's cats, and wonder how she does them.

TIMOTHY TURTLE. Alice Vaught Davis. Illustrations by Guy Brown Wiser. Harcourt. $1.50. A turtle turns over and cannot right himself. His animal friends finally re-establish his normal equilibrium.

PATCHES. Written and illustrated by Joel Stolper. Harcourt. $1.50. A giraffe's life from African veldt to zoo to stuffed in a museum.

RUSTY. Dorothy K. L'Hommedieu. Illustrated by Marguerite Kirmse. Lippincott. $1.50. An adventurous day in the life of a red Dachshund puppy.

BELINDA BLUE. Esther Wood. Pictures by Theresa Kalab. Longmans. $2.00. Good cat pictures. An alley kitten is adopted by a family of blue ribbon cats and eventually by their mistress's niece.

CLOTH BOOK 3. Leonard Weisgard. Holiday. $1.00. Just toys. These cloth books are tops in their sort.

CLOTH BOOK 4. Glen Rounds. Holiday. $1.00. Just foods—milk, eggs, vegetables, fruits, bread and a gingerbread man.

SMOKY AND PINOCCHIO. Written and illustrated by Helene Carter. Lippincott. $1.00. A Persian cat makes friends with a distinguished puppet. Innocuous, and good for those who have to deal with cries of "More" after they've finished the classic tale for the thousandth time.

PAT THE BUNNY. Conceived and designed by Dorothy Kunhardt. S. & S. $1.00. A novelty item. Includes cotton wool to simulate a bunny's fur, a mirror, a squeak, sandpaper ("Daddy's scratchy face"), a miniature book—etc. Extra illustration for tiny tots. Life expectancy in actual use: 1 hour.

THE FARMER'S FRIENDS. Glen Rounds. Holiday. $.50. Just barnyard animals and cat with kittens.

THE TALE OF THE WHITEFOOT MOUSE. Written and photographed by Henry B. Kane. Knopf. $1.25. A year in the life of the whitefoot mouse. Excellent natural history material, wonderful photographs.

TIM A DOG OF THE MOUNTAINS. Written and illustrated by Margaret S. Johnson and Helen Lossing Johnson. Harcourt. $1.75. An Afghan hound is presented to a young American scientist by his master in gratitude, is brought to America, saves his master's life.

THE SMALLEST PUPPY. Written and illustrated by Margaret S. Johnson and Helen Lossing Johnson. Harcourt. $1.75. A rather pointless story of a young Alaskan malamute.

THE STORY OF COLETTE. Written and illustrated by Françoise. Scribner. $1.50. A simple story of a little girl who adopts animals and animals and animals. With the same charming pictures we expect from this artist.

LITTLE TOOKTOO. Marie Ahnighito Peary. Illustrated by Kurt Wiese. Morrow. $1.00. A new edition of an old favorite about Santa's youngest reindeer.

FREDDY'S COUSIN WEEDLY. Walter R. Brooks. Illustrated by Kurt Wiese. Knopf. $2.00. A very amusing nonsense story with a lot of very wise and honest animals managing things.

ELIJAH THE FISHBITE. Agnes Sligh Turnbull. Illustrated by Meg Wohlberg. Macmillan. $1.50. A minister's family adopts a kitten.

THE CAT AND THE KITTEN. Written and illustrated by Berta and Elmer Hader. Macmillan. $2.00. A nice cat story, with fair cat pictures. But nothing as good as Mrs. Newberry's.

HORTON HATCHES THE EGG. Written and illustrated by Dr. Seuss. Random. $1.50. An elephant hatches an egg for a lazy bird, and has quite a time of it. By the Master of Flit.

AT THE ZOO. W. W. Robinson. Pictures by Irene Robinson. Macmillan. $2.00. A visit to the zoo.

FEATHERS; THE STORY OF A RHEA. Alice Curtis Desmond. Illustrated by Wilfried S. Bronson. Macmillan. $1.50. An Argentine ostrich has a lot of adventures.

SIR NOBLE THE POLICE HORSE. Mary Graham Bonner. Knopf. $1.50. The life of a police horse illustrated with photographs and well told.

MARIO AND THE CHUNA. Esther Greenacre Hall. Illustrations by J. M. de Aragon. Random. $1.75. A boy and a bird of the Argentine. A stone-throwing bird harasses an Argentine parent, but of course happily at the end. (It saves him from an earthquake.)

CHILDREN OF THE SEA. Written and illustrated by Wilfrid S. Bronson. Harcourt. $2.00. Sea birds, fishes, mammals, a dolphin and a little Nassau colored boy. Lots of natural history.

BEN. Primrose Cumming. Photographs by Harold Burdekin. Dutton. $1.50. Another book about the life of a horse, this time in England, and mostly concerned with farming and with draying.

Stories for the Young

THE HEART OF A CHILD. Phyllis Bottome. Drawings by Sascha Kronbourg. Putnam. $1.50. This, as moving a Christmas story as has appeared in many seasons, is a book which parents must read before they give it to their children; for it contains its share of the world's sadness, and some sadnesses are very close to the problem of evil. Only a parent can decide whether this book will be safe for a given boy or girl. And the parent who reads it will do him or herself no injury.

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CHERISHED AND SHARED OF OLD. Susan Glaspell. Pictures by Alice Harvey. Messner. $.50. Two Dutch refugee children clear up a feud between an American and a German-American family. Seems almost too topical.

CHRISTMAS. Eleanor Roosevelt. Illustrated by Fritz Kredel. Knopf. $.50. This little morality is utterly sincere and its doctrine sound enough; yet it is not well written, and one may question the wisdom of trying to initiate children into the mystery of our times. Its theme is the triumph of the Christ Child over the man of power, the victory of love over force. A knotty business at best, and one which scarcely benefits by weak presentation.

ALEXANDER'S BIRTHDAY. Marjorie Knight. Illustrated by Howard Simon. Dutton. $1.50. Adventures befalling a little boy's toys who go back to celebrate a birthday at the North Pole.

DON'T BLAME ME. Richard Hughes. Pictures by Fritz Eichenberg. Harper. $1.50. Eleven new stories by Mr. High Wind in Jamaica, innocent for children if not without their sting for adults.

HOW THE HURRICANE HELPED. Margaret McKenny. Illustrations by Winifred Bromhall. $1.25. A simple little softening down of the forces of nature whereby a hurricane does a good turn.

THE CROOKED MAN. Written and illustrated by Emily Barto. Longmans. $.75. A lot of pictures—a trifle on the conventional side—to go with a very little rhyme from Mother Goose (with historical exegesis for adults).

LITTLE JOE. Dorothy Clark. Pictures by Leonard Weisgard. Lithography by Albert Carman. Lathrop. $1.00. A pony, a chase, and a picnic in Bermuda with lively pictures.

ENGINE ENGINE NO. 9. Edith Thacher Hurd. Illustrated by Clement Hurd. Lathrop. $1.00. All about how steam engines work and play. Useful for eliminating embarrassing questions.

THE LITTLE TRAIN. Lois Lenski. Oxford. $.75. Simpler than its rival train book, and with rather more charming illustrations. Exactly the same idea—how an engine works.

TOO FAST FOR JOHN. Written and illustrated by Emma L. Brock. Knopf. $1.00. A trip in a streamliner to California. Written with repetition of phrases in the text to facilitate reading by children themselves.

PETER AND THE WOLF. Irving Deakin. Pictures by Richard C. Jones. Oxford. $1.75. The story is a little distorted—perhaps to spare children from topics considered taboo, such as cat's killing birds to *eat* them. But in its way charming, if not quite as good as its rival. (See page 121.)

NOAH. Written and illustrated by Arthur Sharp. Lithography by Albert Carman. Vanguard. $1.25. Noah depicted as a weather prophet and almost without a God (he does pray once)—all in verse that jingles along nicely. Faithful neither to Scripture or science—since when is it a scientific fact that

"Oysters huddled close together—
A sign of damp and rainy weather"?

Nor is Noah's taste for wine overlooked. Me, I prefer the Old Testament.

THE TALE OF TAI. Written and illustrated by Evelyn Young. Oxford. $.75. A little Chinese boy gets lost on Chinese New Years. Pictures charming.

THE BUTTONS GO WALKING. Edward W. Mammen. Illustrated by Jessie Robinson. Harper. $1.25. A family of six that just loves to do everything together, but has its troubles when it goes walking. The general effect is a little silly, and would seem so, I fear, to all but the smallest of children. A hundred years ago it was "waste not, want not;" today it's cooperation. . . .

KERSTI AND SAINT NICHOLAS. Written and illustrated by Hilda van Stockum. Viking. $2.00. A tale of a winning if very naughty little Dutch girl and her six sisters. Especially good for girls.

MR. BAXTER'S DANDELION GARDEN. Written and illustrated by Jeannette C. Shirk. Dutton. $1.50. Dandelions crowded out everything else, and it became a laughing stock until a circus elephant with a taste for dandelions came to live with the Baxters, which fixed everything very nicely. A rather silly tale.

NICODEMUS AND THE NEWBORN BABY. Written and illustrated by Inez Hogan. Dutton. $1.00. Nicodemus acquires a baby brother. Up to Miss Hogan's usual standard. Straightforward story which should please most children.

THE PARK THAT SPRING FORGOT. Winifred Welles. Pictures by Marion Downer. Dutton. $1.50. Fantasy gone pretty wild, and a lot of personification, busts, animals, birds that talk, etc. But it might amuse some city kids.

MRS. PUMPS GOES TO BAT. Written and illustrated by Eleanore Hubbard Wilson. Dutton. $1.00. A pleasant yarn of a popsicle man and some kids, none of whom minded their own business.

LENTIL. Written and illustrated by Robert McCloskey. Viking. $2.00. The American scene. A small boy in Ohio learns to play the harmonica and saves the day for his home town. Pleasantly done.

THE WEATHER HOUSE PEOPLE. Marie McSwigen. Illustrated by Dorothy Bayley. Lippincott. $1.50. The people and animals in an old fashioned Swiss "weather house" come to life and enact pleasant little stories.

LUCKY PIERRE. Lorraine and Jerrold Beim. Pictures by Howard Simon. Harcourt. $1.50. A Breton fisherman's family of which the youngest is always "looking for things." But his magpie habit proves useful in waste-not-want-not fashion. Good.

THE KING'S DAY. Claire Huchet Bishop. Illustrated by Doris Spiegel. Coward. $1.50. A Norman family celebrates the Epiphany. There is one extraordinary episode which is likely to offend many parents' taste, so read the book *before* you buy it. Which is too bad, for the rest is charming.

THE CALENDAR. Catherine Beebe. Pictures by Robb Beebe. Oxford. $1.25. Three children decide all months have their fun—there is no favorite season.

THE FIREBIRD. Written and illustrated by Donald E. Cooke. Winston. $2.00. A retelling of an old Russian legend.

MANOEL. Claire Nelson Atwater. Pictures by Theresa Kalab. Longmans. $2.00. A boy and a dog in contemporary Portugal. Lots of pleasant and exciting adventures.

THE STORY ON THE WILLOW PLATE. Written and illustrated by Leslie Thomas. Morrow. $1.25. The Chinese legend depicted in the Willow Pattern simply and effectively retold.

CARLOTTA. Ella Maie Seyfert. Illustrated by Lucille Wallover. Crowell. $2.00. An Italian farm family operates a roadside vegetable stand.

A SON OF THE FIRST PEOPLE. Adelaide Wilson Arnold. Illustrated by Loren Barton. Macmillan. $2.00. A Southern California Indian boy learns of the problems and advantages of conflicting cultures. Good.

MAUD FOR A DAY. Written and illustrated by Hugh Troy. Oxford. $1.00. The Army mule is sick and a substitute is found for the Army-Navy game. Marigold does her stuff nobly and is rewarded.

A NEW MEXICAN BOY. Helen Laughlin Marshall. Illustrated by Olive Rush. Holiday. $2.00. A Spanish New Mexican boy and his life. Excellent and seems authentic.

THE LAND HE LOVED. Elizabeth Emmett. Illustrated by Lydia Parmalee. Macmillan. $2.00. A pleasant tale of an indentured boy in eighteenth century Narragansett.

THE HOUSE ACROSS THE WAY. Eliza Orne White. Illustrations by Lois Maloy. Houghton. $2.00. Pleasant story of a family of eight children.

TERI TARO FROM BORA BORA. William S. Stone. Illustrated by Armstrong Sperry. Knopf. $1.75. Native life on a tropical island. Ends with a thrilling encounter with a shark.

THE LITTLE BLACK HEN. Eileen O'Faolain. Illustrated by Aldren A. Watson. Random. $2.00. A modern Irish fairy tale beautifully printed and well told.

LITTLE JUNGLE VILLAGE. JoBesse McElveen Waldeck. Illustrations by Katharina von Dombrowski. Viking. $2.00. South America (British Guiana.) Very real atmosphere both in text and illustrations. A boy and girl of the jungle.

MAMINKA'S CHILDREN. Written and illustrated by Elizabeth Orton Jones. Macmillan. $2.00. Bohemian life and stories well told by one who grew to love the "old country" of two girls who "came to live at our house—quite long ago."

THE FARAWAY TRAIL. Charlie May Simon. Illustrated by Howard Simon. Dutton. $2.00. Three little children go by covered wagon from Tennessee to Arkansas. Miss Simon does this sort of thing very well.

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THE FAIR AMERICAS. Elizabeth Coatsworth. Pictures by Helen Sewell. Macmillan. $2.00. A French Royalist boy escapes the revolution on an American sailing ship, which carries not only a captain but his wife, small son and daughter. Elizabeth Coatsworth always writes well.

THE CUCKOO CALLS. Nora Burglon. Illustrated by Ingri and Edgar Parin d'Aulaire. Winston. $2.00. A tale of Finland more or less today. Very patriotic, and naturally an appealing subject.

A BOOK FOR JENNIFER. Alice Dalgleish. Illustrated by Katherine Milhons. Scribner. $2.00. Newberry books were among the first juveniles-in-quantity published in English. By means of a story of three contemporary children, the author recreates for us an eighteenth century centering on Mr. Newberry's Juvenile Library.

A TOAST TO THE KING. Elizabeth Coatsworth. Illustrated by Forrest Orr. Coward McCann. $1.50. Miss Coatsworth with her great skill in creating atmosphere by the simplest of means, tells the story of three New England girls who were and remained loyal to the King, and lived to see old animosities buried long after the Revolution was won. For girls, particularly.

PECOS BILL AND LIGHTNING. Leigh Peck. Illustrated by Kurt Wiese. Houghton. $1.75. More adventures of the cowboy's Paul Bunyan, with good pictures and a lot about the cowboy's art.

THE RED CANOE. Written and illustrated by Harriet Evatt. Bobbs. $1.50. A little Ojibway boy and his life in the North woods.

JOHN HENRY DAVIS. Written and illustrated by Munro Leaf. Stokes. $1.00. In the best "Ferdinand" tradition.

VANKA'S DONKEY. Sonia Daugherty. Illustrated by James Daugherty. Stokes. $1.50. Jubilantly Russian.

WHERE THE WINDS NEVER BLEW. Padraic Colum. Illustrations by Richard Bennett. Macmillan. $1.50. One of the season's best. Irish and fine indeed.

History, Biography, Literature

THE MAGIC TUNNEL. Caroline D. Emerson. Drawings by Raymond Lufkin. Stokes. $1.75. New York's history for quite young readers.

QUEST OF THE CAVALIERS: DE SOTO AND THE SPANISH EXPLORERS. Faith Yingling Knoop. Longmans. $2.00.

LEONARDO DA VINCI, ARTIST AND SCIENTIST. Leo Lerman. Bobbs. $2.00.

NANSEN. Anna Gertrude Hall. Illustrated by Boris Artzybasheff. Viking. $2.50. Fridtjof Nansen was a man of whom little evil could be said, and much that is good, even heroic. His life make a good biography for older boys and girls, though the sections on famine in Soviet Russia are not pleasant reading.

EDWARD MACDOWELL AND HIS CABIN IN THE PINES. Opal Wheeler and Sybil Deucher. Illustrated by Mary Greenwalt. Dutton. $2.00. A sequel to the same authors' Hayden, Bach, Mozart and Schubert. Somewhat more real in the telling, since the setting is largely American.

STORY-LIVES OF GREAT COMPOSERS. Katherine Little Bakeless. Illustrated. Stokes. $2.50. From Purcell on. Excellent.

GOLDEN TALES FROM FARAWAY. Charles J. Finger. Illustrated by Helen Finger. Winston. $2.00. Tales retold—mostly North American and excellent.

THE SHINING TREE AND OTHER CHRISTMAS STORIES.. Knopf. $3.00. Twelve stories by various authors from Hildegard Hawthorne to Jean Thomas.

THE TUMBLE-BUG AND OTHER TALES. Hans Christian Andersen. Illustrated by Hertha List. Harcourt. $2.00 Recent translations by Paul Leyssac of eight tales, two well known and six less so.

THE TENGGREN MOTHER GOOSE. Illustrated by Gustaf Tenggren. Little Brown. $2.50. Very colorful. Illustrations a little conventional. A very good and useful permanent acquistion.

A WORLD OF STORIES FOR CHILDREN. Barrett H. Clark and M. Jagendorf. Bobbs. $5.00. Over 800 large pages containing almost every story you can imagine which would be suitable for or interesting to children. The editors describe it as a one volume library, and that it certainly is.

STORIES TO BEGIN ON. Rhoda W. Bacmeister. Photographs by Tom Maley. Dutton. $1.50.

STORIES TO READ AT CHRISTMAS. Elsie Singmaster. Houghton. $2.00. For adults as well as children.

PETER PAN AND WENDY. J. M. Barrie. Illustrated by Edmund Blampied. Scribner. $1.50. Fine new pictures.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND. Lewis Carroll. Illustrated by Sir John Tenniel. Peter Pauper Press. $2.00.

Religion

GOD'S TROUBADOUR. Sophie Jewett. Illustrated by Elinore Blaisdell. Crowell $2.00. An old and excellent account of Saint Francis reissued.

OUR PLAYMATE. A Sister of Charity. Pictures by Eleanora Madsen. Character Building Publications. $1.00. Distinctly on the sentimental side, especially the pictures. But there as so few Catholic works of the sort that it serves a purpose. But nowhere near as good as "The Little Book About God."

WE KNOW THE MASS. Catherine Beebe. Pictures by Robb Beebe. St. Anthony Guild. Paper, $.50; Board $.75. Two successful producers of juveniles present us with a child's book on the Mass. It serves a good purpose, but places little emphasis on the corporate nature of the Sacrifice and in its pictures makes no effort to be particularly faithful to the rubrics. But certainly it represents a step in the right direction.

THE CHILDREN'S SAINT ANTHONY. Catherine Beebe. Pictures by Robb Beebe. St. Anthony Guild. Board, $.75; Cloth, $1.25. A competent account for younger children of the great Franciscan Saint.

Junior Novels

THE following are a scant dozen out of the scores of junior novels published this year. As I have said elsewhere, I dislike the whole species. But here are listed the current works of a few favorite authors.

For Boys

THE KID FROM TOMKINSVILLE. John R. Tunis. Harcourt. $2.00.

GRIDIRON GLORY. William Heylinger. Appleton. $2.00.

SON OF THE APPLE VALLEY. William Heylinger. Appleton. $2.00.

TREASURE OF THE TORTOISE ISLANDS. Victor W. von Hagen and Quail Hawkins. Harcourt. $2.00. About Galapagos.

BLACK FIRE. Covelle Newcomb. Longmans. $2.50. A slave boy in Haiti, late eighteenth century. Well done.

CLEAR FOR ACTION! Stephen W. Meader. Harcourt. $2.00. Before the mast in 1812.

For Girls

NATHALIE MOVES AHEAD. Dorothy Dwight Hutchison. Little Brown. $2.00. More shenanigans in an advertising agency.

SUE BARTON, SUPERINTENDENT OF NURSES. Helen Dore Boylston. Little Brown. $2.00.

SMOKY HOUSE. Elizabeth Goudge. Coward. $2.00. The west country of England one hundred years ago.

CHAMPION'S CHOICE. John R. Tunis. Harcourt. $2.00.

THE VOYAGE OF THE ANNA SMITH. Sarah E. Mulliken. Bobbs. $2.00. Two little girls in a clipper ship.

Information

BILL AND THE BIRD BANDER. Edna H. Evans. Winston. $1.50. Ornithology for the young, copiously illustrated with photographs.

MANNERS NOW AND THEN. Mary B. Van Arsdale and Mary Rebecca Lingenfelter. Illustrated by Fred Copper. Harcourt. $1.50.

THE SKY IS BLUE. W. Maxwell Reed. Illustrated by James MacDonald. Harcourt. $1.50. Simple sciences.

THE SONS OF VULCAN. Written and illustrated by Thomas Hibben. Lippincott. $2.00. The story of metals.

HARRY LORIN BINSSE.

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The Jugular Vein of the British Empire

By ARTHUR SETTEL

ON A HOT aternoon in January, 1935, a short man with iron-grey hair and a sunburned face threw the switch that released the pent-up flow of oil which was being pumped to termini on the Mediterranean over 1,150 miles through desert sands from the rich fields in Mosul, northern Iraq, known in ancient history as Mesopotamia. A cluster of flag-bedecked tankers gaudily decorated with bunting and Union Jacks waited in the Bay of Acre while the Palestine High Commissioner, Sir Arthur Grenfel Wauchope, delivered the keynote address in well-rounded periods and resounding platitudes. One of Sir Arthur's statements deserves repetition, for it echoed a thesis vital to the survival of the British Empire: "I am confident that the opening of this pipe line will prove of the highest value to Palestine and the neighboring countries, of value to the country in which the oil is won, to the countries through which it flows, and not least of value to the countries from whose ports it is distributed to the world market."

Sir Arthur, himself an old distinguished soldier, may have foreseen that one day the mechanized armies of a conquering nation would seek to wrest control of this artery from the Empire that built it, or, as an alternative, destroy it and thus sever the jugular vein of Britain. The fact that today, with the outcome of the Second World War dependent to a large degree upon whether Great Britain can stave off invasion of the Levant, the Axis is throwing its forces upon Greece which is merely a stepping stone to Iraq, Palestine and Egypt, bears out the tremendous importance of the famous Iraq pipe line. Five years ago when Sir Arthur Wauchope dedicated the line, Haifa could not yet accommodate a small fleet of tankers which had come to haul off the crude oil flowing in from Kirkuk. Today the city is one of the major naval bases in the Eastern Mediterranean with heavily protected facilities for the export of crude oil, and for the refueling of Britain's most powerful men o' war. Haifa is certain to be the target of a joint Italo-German attack, an attack far more deadly than the recent air raids which have caused casualties and destroyed houses but which had no effect whatever upon the oil line or its termini.

Years of intricate negotiations, survey and building under the most trying circumstances went into the completion of this pipe line, which is without doubt one of the greatest feats of engineering in the world. The British Government felt sufficiently proud of the achievement to expend $125,000 on the ceremonies which marked its inauguration, and today feels sufficiently concerned over its defense to spend $500,000 a day thereon. Through the oil line which runs from the heart of Iraq, not far from the supposed site of the Garden of Eden, more than 4,000,000 tons of oil travel annually to Haifa in Palestine and Tripoli in Syria. For four years thousands of men toiled under the blazing desert sun to bring the pipe line to completion. While stationed in the Near East as correspondent for a British news syndicate I had occasion to visit the pumping stations at Haditha, Fatha and Kirkuk, and my wonderment grew every time I saw them. The pipe line puts the Pyramids of Gizeh to shame. Starting in the heart of the Middle East—Kirkuk is north of Baghdad up toward the Kurdish hills—the line crosses the inhospitable desert, innocent alike of roads and water, and, except for the pumping stations (presently being patrolled by anti-aircraft batteries and fire-fighters), all is underground. The Iraq Petroleum Company which holds a concession from the Iraq Government for the exploitation of 30,000 square miles east of the Tigris, is an "international organization" consisting mainly of British, American, French and Dutch interests, but the British are in control while the latter two countries have been "retired" by London.

The line's route

The Syrian Desert through which the line had to pass is by no means uniform in character. In view of the fact that the extremes of heat and cold experienced in this Desert made it necessary to bury the pipe, a measure that proved of incalculable value particularly during the Arab revolt in Palestine when the pipe line was attacked 37 times, the nature of the soil became of paramount importance. This varied from sheer rock which necessitated extensive blasting to sandy soil where the ditching machines could operate with some speed. Yet, without any delay, this vast work of making a trench, of welding the seamless steel lengths of pipe, of treating them with enamel and asbestos to prevent corrosion from the salts in the soil, and finally of burying the whole pipe out of sight went on without interruption. And, except at the pumping stations which are situated along the route at distances varying from some 50 to 130 miles, the whole 1,150 miles of tubing is an unbroken length.

By the end of August, 1932, there were nearly 5,000 men, including 182 Europeans and Americans, at work in the Syrian Desert digging a path for the pipe line. One of the most urgent problems was to bring water to these people. Millions of gallons were required for mixing the cement and other operations. And so squads of laborers were put to work digging for water without which there could be no oil. Others were dispatched to nearby towns where they requisitioned water and

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carried it by desert motortruck to the work camps. In October the main transport section, which eventually was to cover some 5,000,000 miles of desert and mountain track, undertook the task of "stringing out" the 125,000 tons of pipe across the desert. They laid it out end to end at the rate of 78 miles a month. Light trucks and passenger cars used in addition to the heavy transport brought up the total distance covered in the desert to 18,000,000 miles while the company's fleet of planes made 2,971 flights, carried 6,993 passengers and covered 309,000 miles during the work.

The test

So much confidence was placed in the men welding the iron pipes together that no tests were made until the whole line was finished. Then under a high pressure test, only three welds failed out of a total of 175,000. Two of these were due to the shifting of the channel of the Tigris after the line had been laid.

Power shovels fitted out to deal with boulders up to a foot in diameter dug a channel across the desert three feet deep, twenty-six inches wide, at the rate of a mile a day. But this was possible only for half the distance. The remainder had to be blasted out of rock. Spectacular, but slow, painful work. On one celebrated occasion, on a visit by the Emir of Trans-Jordan, a creeping barrage of 2,500 shots was fired, which made the work something of a field day.

Into this trench, hacked out of desert and mountain, was laid the pipe line, covered with bitumin and enamel and wrapped, puttee-wise, in asbestos-felt paper and buried three feet deep in the cool of early morning, safe from heat and frost and the curiosity of wandering tribes, and from marksmen. Day after day, in the heat of the sun, in the chill desert nights, in hailstorm and tropical downpours which are characteristic of the Syrian Desert, the work went on.

Sixteen nationalities were represented among the executives, with Britishers, Americans and Frenchmen in the majority. These men controlled a total of 13,000 locally recruited Arabs.

The first oil left for Tripoli on July 10, 1934, and arrived at its destination on July 14 .

From the point of view of imperial resources, oil is Britain's key raw material. The output of oil in Trinidad, India, British Borneo and Canada has greatly increased since the first World War, while the import of oil and petroleum products from the United States and Latin America has risen sharply. But Britain knows that the loss of the Iraq pipe line would be fatal to the British Fleet's control of the Mediterranean and the Levant. This explains the fervor with which Italy is fighting for control of Greece and the determination with which the British are struggling to keep the Italians out of Syria.

Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

WHEN Secretary of the Interior Ickes soon after the election issued a statement to the general effect that the fact that President Roosevelt had been supported during his election campaign by far less than half of the daily papers of the country, with the great majority of the big-city papers massed against him, tended to prove that our press was not truly free, he was promptly rebuked by many newspapers. But the answers, so far as I have observed them, were more in the nature of denunciations or ridicule of the voluble Mr. Ickes than thoughtful considerations of a question troubling many minds.

On the day following the publication of Mr. Ickes's remarks there were headlines on the same subject in many papers over a report of a speech made by Mr. Herbert Agar, editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*. The headlines reported that Mr. Agar, whose own paper had supported the President, had denied the truth of what Mr. Ickes said. Now as Mr. Agar is a distinguished editor, actually in harness, and Mr. Ickes only a "former newspaperman," what the former testified certainly seems more reliable than the opinions of the latter. But when those readers who did not stop at the head-lines over Mr. Agar's comments had read the fuller account given of what he said in his address to a group of high-school journalists, they found a statement made by Mr. Agar which goes to the very root of the matter.

First, Mr. Agar is reported as saying that our press certainly is physically free in the United States so far as government control and the pressure of outside groups are concerned. But, he went on, the press was not morally free "any more than we as individuals are morally free. We, too, are cowards, selfish, timid and easily overcome and persuaded to say publicly what we do not believe. The real trouble with the press is that it is run by human beings." However, Mr. Agar also got down to a more concrete problem when he contended that the "press was imprisoned simply by the size of its financial enterprise," and in proof he cited the courage of newspapers in former days when their investments were small.

I think that Mr. Agar here puts his finger on the real trouble with our press. As huge amounts of capital came to be invested in newspapers, and newspaper chains multiplied, requiring tremendous capital funds for their activities, including their circulation and advertising contests with rival chains, more and more their editorial policies necessarily came to be dominated by the business office rather than by the hireling editors and reporters. Moreover, by the very nature of the fact that most of the large daily newspapers, and newspaper chains, were controlled by finance-capitalists, inevitably they were, and are, linked up not only actually through their bank-loans with huge finance-capital interests, but also psychologically they tend to be allied with finance-capital. Now, I do not mean to suggest anything sinister, dishonest, or even anything

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objectionable, in this condition of affairs. Financial interests in a free country where property rights are established in law and believed in by a great majority of citizens most unquestionably are entitled to own and control newspapers. Such newspapers do not have to be "bought" by financial interests, or bribed by the prospect of advertising revenues, in order to adopt a policy of opposing political measures and personalities which they deem to be hostile, or just unconsciously or ignorantly adverse, to financial interests. And no particular damage to the public interest would be inflicted by such newspapers were it the case that the public also could turn to a sufficient number of other papers not controlled by or naturally attuned to financial interests, at a time when as today one of our most pressing problems centers around the perplexing question of how best to conserve yet reform our economic system with the least possible impairment of our capital resources, yet without further dominance of the perilous social control of financial power as such.

My own suggestion is one that I have been making for lo! these many years without stirring up much perceptible interest, yet still I think it has some value. Certainly, most of us do not desire government control of our press. Certainly also, however, a great many of the public heartily desire a press that does not run so overwhelmingly to commercialized vice, vulgarity, syndicated barroom and café and bordello gossip, unscrupulous publicizing of personal and private affairs, and general slop as so large a part of our most circulated papers stands for at present—leaving alone, for the present, their editorial one-sided attitude on political and social matters affected with a financial interest. What then we seem obviously to need are more and more newspapers detached from advertising and financial control, as such, no matter how much they may publish decent advertising or strive to run their affairs with financial success; but primarily devoted to the ethical, public-service function of the press. The *Christian Science Monitor* points the way. With its own high-class foreign and home correspondents, with its editors represented on the board of the Associated Press, with its radio newscasts and commentaries, and its wide distribution of circulation among really important circles, the *Christian Science Monitor,* with a few hundred thousand Christian Scientists putting up the financial and moral support necessary for its foundation, shows what other groups—ourselves, for example, American Catholics—might do if we so chose. Not only religious groups but the labor unions, farm associations, inter-racial groups, could do likewise. And the public should strive more and more to support truly independent local and regional newspapers. They should begin to turn away from mass-production papers run from some distant financial center, Chicago, New York or elsewhere, by astute businessmen posing as newspaper Paladins, with eloquent and highly paid and shrewd corporation lawyers to lead them in their loud championship of a sacred democratic value, the freedom of the press, which never, never, never can be preserved solely by such means in such a time as ours because, as Mr. Herbert Agar points out with conclusive truth, the great newspapers are "imprisoned by the size of their financial investments."

The Stage & Screen

Hollywood on Broadway

THE REAL Hollywood is a state of mind rather than a place. As a state of mind it is material for art, but it should not be dealt with in its own state of mind. Emptiness cannot assess emptiness; it cannot even make it amusing. The leaders in the movie industry would probably deny that they lack all standards whether they be moral, mental or spiritual, but when we get a play on Hollywood this is what usually happens. It happened again last week—twice—and on successive evenings. First we had a concoction entitled "Beverly Hills" by Lynn Starling and Howard J. Green, produced by Laurence Schwab and Otto L. Preminger, directed by Mr. Preminger, with settings by Donald Oenslager. In it were some admirable actors, all of them much too good for what they had to do. There was lovely Violet Heming and witty Ilka Chase and charming Helen Claire; and there were two of the funniest women of the stage, Enid Markey and Doro Merande. There were Clinton Sundberg, one of the most sincere of young comedians; Robert Shayne, whose force and authority was not obscured by a colorless part; and William J. Kelly, who until the part or the direction forced him to overact, gave a very human and even subtle enactment of a movie magnate. These admirable players did their best to make dull lines seem witty, and badly assembled situations credible. That they didn't succeed gives the measure of the material they had been handed. It was all very sad in its waste of talent.

Then there was another thing entitled "Quiet Please," by F. Hugh Herbert and Hans Kraly, "from an original story" by Ferdinand Reyher, directed by Russell Fillmore, with settings by Everett Burgess. It had a novelty in having the audience as part of the action in two of the scenes, with actors bobbing up from orchestra seats and running up and down the aisles. But this only made the confusion of the story the worse confounded. The play was neither well written nor well constructed. It was turgid, verbose and pretentious. It belonged on the screen if it belonged anywhere, and probably wasn't put there because the censors wouldn't permit. And it too was well acted. There was Jane Wyatt, looking very lovely and acting so well that it only made the proceedings the more lamentable in the realization of how her talent was wasted. There was Ann Mason as a movie star of yesteryear, who gave as human a performance as was ever given in a shoddy play. There was Donald Woods, whose charm and acting ability ought to make him Broadway's coming leading man. There were Gordon Jones and Fred Niblo and Bruce Macfarlane and Anthony Kemble Cooper. In short everything was done to make the play a success except to produce a play. What the Broadway theatre needs is not so much money as intelligence. There has been very little intelligence shown this year except in the choice of revivals. Now that the election is over let us hope brains will emerge.

GRENVILLE VERNON.

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Getting Their Men—And Women

WITH A GORGEOUS splash of color, Cecil B. DeMille brings us his *"Northwest Mounted Police,"* a pageant in which the Mounties' vivid red coats vie for first place against the scenic beauties of the Canadian Northwest while a story rambles on to tell of the unsuccessful 1885 rebellion of half-breeds under Louis Riel against white settlers, law and Her Majesty's Police. But Riel gets lost in the background when a loosely-written script drags in two handfuls of characters with individual stories wandering all over the lot, and an equal number of Hollywood stars glittering so brightly that they detract from each other. Madeleine Carroll, whose peaches-and-cream blondness is alone too much loveliness for any one film, nurses half-breeds, wounded police and the hearts of Gary Cooper and Preston Foster. Rugged, lanky, Texan Gary, a little out of his territory in chaps and spurs, is up in Canada to "get" Corbeau, the whiskey dealer (George Bancroft). Two hours of this sort of thing, even with its exciting moments, bloody battles and sustained suspense, when the uprising of the Blackfeet Indians is quelled, becomes somewhat tedious. However, the stereotyped plot and comic horseplay are relieved mainly by Super-showman DeMille's fine direction of mob scenes and fighting, marching Red Coats.

How not to get your man is explained in *"Third Finger, Left Hand"* in which Myrna Loy is an executive on a swanky, *Vogueish* magazine, who uses a wedding ring as insurance against losing her job. But Melvyn Douglas falls hard and feels quite done in when he's told that Myrna is married and still more annoyed when he discovers that her marriage is a fake. So he turns up as her husband, and she has quite a time getting rid of a husband to whom she's not married. This story, wearisome during its exposition, peps up when Douglas swings into one of the best comedy performances of his career.

Through Edison, Ehrlich, Bell and Pasteur, Hollywood has practically worn out the biographical formula. Now in *"A Dispatch from Reuter's,"* Warner Brothers present the same story in the same way, and the result is somewhat of a bore. A man has an idea: since news is the most important thing in the world, why not hasten its delivery by using carrier pigeons? In the 1840's, people laugh at Reuter (Edward G. Robinson); the Aachen banker (Gene Lockhart) who would profit by advance stock exchange news scorns the idea; but Reuter's beautiful wife (Edna Best) and his friends (Eddie Albert, Albert Basserman—of whose charm Hollywood is taking advantage to the breaking point) stick by him and see his pigeons—and telegraph, later—become a great success.

The plot of *"A Little Bit of Heaven,"* about a girl with a voice and a screwy family, consists mainly in the family's breaking down Grandpa's objections to the girl's singing for radio and then proving that Grampa was right 'cause when money races in, the family goes high-hat. Hugh Herbert, C. Aubrey Smith, Billy Gilbert and a couple of wild kids called Butch and Buddy try to help the humor along. Gloria Jean, who really has a very nice voice, and Robert Stack, a pleasant juvenile with teeth, deserve a much better opportunity.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books of the Week

Not by a Novelist

Who Walk Alone. Perry Burgess. Holt. $2.75.

WHEN asked to review a book by Perry Burgess, the writer—who occasionally rubbed elbows with lepers during his missionary career in South China—immediately envisioned a work depicting the modern progress made in the treatment of leprosy, and lauding the efficient American organizational methods of segregation and eradication through the facilities of the Culion Colony in the Philippines. For the author of "Who Walk Alone" is well known in medical and missionary circles, since some fifteen years of his life have been devoted to the lepers of the world in connection with the Leonard Wood Memorial for the Eradication of Leprosy. A casual glance at the book surprised the reviewer—here was a story, a novel! Could it be that anyone had used the horror of leprosy for mere literary purposes? One page of the text obliterated such a fantastic notion. Rather, in the hand of a master story-teller, the substantial life-history of an American leper has been fashioned to plead the cause of the victims, to spread accurate knowledge of the scourge and to sing the praises of those who spend themselves to bring hope, patience, courage and a useful life to those "who walk alone."

Burgess's genius has compounded out of deep human sympathy, scientific information and self-consecration to a cause a veritable sermon, an eloquent one, about Christian charity, medical science, history, social service propaganda and touching human sensitiveness.

Only a man deeply imbued with understanding—the term cannot be repeated too often—for the most wretched of God's children could have produced such a book; only a man who has sacrificed some of the best years of his life to the amelioration of the disease could have united medical lore with delicate sympathy for the sufferers; only a master executive could insinuate into it an adequate call for the necessary material and scientific means to further the crusade against leprosy. Perry Burgess possesses all of these qualities. There is no spot on earth afflicted with leprosy that does not hold his name in benediction.

In telling the personal story of a leper, he pulls no punches; he leaves no detail delineated only in the shadows. Deftly, yes reverently, does he paint the whole picture, that of self-dedication of the servants of the lepers, but above all he immortalizes in words the graphic tragedy of the victims.

Doubtless few would read a book professedly about leprosy. The mental attitude of a spiritually softened generation is to avoid the subject as "unclean," just as physical contact with the disease would be eschewed. Mr. Burgess has succeeded in administering a very necessary course of instruction in a most fascinating manner. The sacrifice of Father Damien, of Brother Joseph Dutton, of innumerable less heralded medical, lay and religious apostles to the lepers, have been well enough recorded before. While not neglecting such heroes, the book portrays the life of a typical outcast, his shortcomings, his falls from grace, his triumphs over self, over discouragement and his illness, his victory over the urge to self-destruction, over moral and mental degeneration, over—in the end—his doubts of God.

One closes the book thanking God for men like Perry

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Burgess, his medical associates, and especially for the objects of their affection, the lepers, whom the Creator has used in His inscrutable wisdom to draw good from physical evil, to evoke from their sufferings the noblest examples of human kindness and humble submission with which to counterbalance much of the sordid we find in life.

THOMAS V. KIERNAN.

BIOGRAPHY

The Borgia Pope: Alexander VI. Orestes Ferrara. S. & W. $3.50.

POPE ALEXANDER VI has been popularly regarded as the outstanding example of ecclesiastical corruption. A fantastic catalogue of misdeeds has been imputed to him and to the other notorious members of the Borgia family. Although many of the accusations are now generally regarded as entirely without foundation, a Borgia "legend" has persisted. Moreover certain serious charges against Alexander, notably simony, excessive nepotism and failure to observe the vow of chastity, have been admitted by Catholic scholars. Orestes Ferrara, the author of the present work, is a jurist and statesman by profession. Considerable study of Renaissance documents has convinced him that the accepted view of Alexander's pontificate must be revised.

His conclusions may be briefly summarized as follows. Certain accusations against the pope, in particular that of simony at the time of his election, which appear after his evil reputation had been accepted at least by his enemies, are not mentioned in strictly contemporary sources. In the case of Alexander's relations with Vannozza Cataneis, who reputedly bore him four children including the famous Caesar and Lucretia, the testimony is so contradictory as to cast considerable doubt on the pope's paternity. Far less evidence can be found for other alleged "crimes." On the other hand the author does not insist on Alexander's chastity nor does he deny his excessive nepotism. Whence arose the Borgia pope's evil reputation? His strenuous and largely successful efforts to pacify Rome and the Papal States made many enemies, particularly among the Roman nobility. His Spanish origin was an added source of unpopularity. In an age when slander was common and all too readily believed, rumors developed into a legend which soon found its way into contemporary chronicles. This "Borgia legend" has never been entirely dissipated and has blinded even modern historians to the real achievements of a capable pontiff.

The thesis is ingenious, and it is presented skillfully, although the author's enthusiasm leads him to an occasional exaggeration. For example, although Alexander undoubtedly acted with conspicuous moderation toward Savonarola, is it correct to brand the famous Dominican as a "tormented, visionary, epileptic friar" who "like all unbalanced men, combined blind conviction with a deep-lying cunning. . . ."?

Whether so radical a departure from the conclusions reached by historians of the stature of Pastor will find acceptance among Renaissance scholars remains to be seen. Certainly no charge of religions bias can be made since the author is not a Catholic. In a work so controversial in nature, it is unfortunate that the notes and bibliographical references were not more carefully prepared and more nearly free of typographical errors. Secondary works are cited without date or place of publication, sometimes without the author's initials. More careful proof reading might also have eliminated one or two

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grammatical slips in the narrative. Yet "The Borgia Pope" will prove interesting to general readers. The elucidation of little known aspects of papal policy will serve to emphasize those solid achievements which Alexander's reputation has obscured. MARSHALL W. BALDWIN.

Serge Diaghilev. Serge Lifar. Putnam. $5.00.

FIRST and last a Russian, Diaghilev's childhood was steeped in national tradition as one of the fifty first cousins with attendant uncles and aunts who lived with Grandfather Diaghilev in his rambling old country house in the far-off province of Perm. Sent off to St. Petersburg for his education, Diaghilev, by the time he was twenty-five, had founded an international review, *The World of Art,* and shortly after organized the great exhibition of Russian portraiture from 1705-1905. When the Tzar refused to house this permanently in the Tauride Palace, Diaghilev decided to introduce Russian art into Europe. The interest excited by his Russian painters at the Paris Salon encouraged him to continue with Russian music, and the triumph of Chaliapin in "Boris Godunov" inspired Diaghilev to weld music, painting, decorative design and the dance into a new and regenerated form of ballet. If Lifar does nothing else in his 374 pages, he does disclose the weeks, months, sometimes years of work that it cost Diaghilev and his great artists to perfect one of their famous creations. Although he learned to be completely appreciative of modern art, Florence was always the center of Diaghilev's artistic existence and, in training Lifar as a solo dancer, Diaghilev not only sent him to slave under the old master of classical ballet, Cechetti, in Milan, but personally conducted the young dancer through the art galleries and churches of Italy. In spirit, Diaghilev was a hard-boiled conservative; he looked upon his company as his serfs and, while squandering thousands on such hobbies as rare books, he kept the *corps de ballet* on starvation wages. Naturally Serge Lifar does not neglect himself, and untrammeled temperament is taken for granted. E. V. R. WYATT.

Beyond Tears. Irmgard Litten. Alliance. $2.75.

IF ANY READER still needs demonstration of the agony endured by those whom tyranny honors with its hatred, Irmgard Litten's narrative of her son provides one more tragic case-history. The book includes, also, an introduction and an epilogue by Pierre van Paassen, a foreword and a preface, all laboring to warn the unconvinced, if such there be. To some the moving pages of the book proper will seem another tale of contemporary horror, a further indictment of the concentration camp, the torture-chamber, the party-above-all-law in National Socialist Germany. For one acquainted with the grief of history—with the trembling terrorists like King Antiochus, Domitian or Henry VIII—the restrained, severe story will have the power of an often-rehearsed, too-often-played tragedy. "The strategy of terror" is the least original of human devices. From the trial at which the young liberal lawyer, Hans Litten, embarrasses Hitler in 1931 to the hour when his mother kneels by his coffin almost seven years later, the events are old, time-dishonored ones.

In a fine, heartening sense, old too are the central people. Long after the horrors sink into mere ignobleness, the picture of the prisoner in Lichtenberg reciting as his contribution to "some sort of nazi celebration" the defiant "Thoughts Are Free" will be uplifting. So, too, the glimpses of released prisoners risking their new liberty to bring word to Mrs. Litten, of the nameless trades people returning their profit or adding delicacies for Hans Litten's sake, of the loyal friends who comforted the mother in her long effort to save her son. Such courage, decency, humanity surviving, we may say, *Nil desperandum,* however long the struggle. OLIVE B. WHITE.

CONTEMPORARY SOCIAL PROBLEMS

Men on the Move. Nels Anderson. Chicago. $3.00.

NELS ANDERSON employs the best possible means in making effective his survey of the migrant problem. He does this by digging into the past, when migration in times of expansion was voluntary; when migrants fared better and the itching foot type of adventurer had more play. Causes (and certainly effects) of migration are now tragically different. The consequences of machine displacement, natural catastrophes, runaway industries and numerous other factors he covers in great detail. The pinch of these things is felt by the reader, thanks to a generous supply of case studies and photos. Unlike recent and popular books on migrants, this one avoids localising, showing us that the transient problem is not peculiar only to the West Coast or to agriculture. Mr. Anderson, aware of the intricate and inhumane workings of various state laws, holds that public assistance to transients should be rendered nationally. There is nothing "dry" about this volume, despite valuable statistical and historical data. It is the best book yet published to induce a true, and sympathetic, understanding of the position of our two million migrants. TIM O'BRIEN.

Author in Transit. Lancelot Hogben. Norton. $2.50.

LANCELOT HOGBEN, Regius Professor of Natural History at the University of Aberdeen and perhaps the only man on earth who ever wrote a best seller on mathematics, was lecturing in Oslo when Hitler's soldiers started the bombardment. Prevented from returning by airplane—as he had arrived—in one hour and a half, he decided to travel around the world.

This informal and unpretentious book describes his trip by car from Oslo to Stockholm, by airplane to Moscow, by railway to Vladivostok, by steamer via Japan to San Francisco, by railway to New York. You may doubt whether the experiences of such hasty traveling, based mostly on observations from railway-windows and on second hand information are worth much. I know persons who had lived ten years in both the Soviet Union and the Land of the Rising Sun, and yet modestly hesitated to write down their impressions "after such incomplete experience." Lancelot Hogben, 45 years old, is not so scrupulous. So his judgments are quick, final and imperturbable. He is for nature, hygiene and practical efficiency and against "day-dreaming," including Oriental contemplation and the Christian religion. Yet his book is worth reading.

Hogben sees some realities because he is more impressed by sight than by argument and knows that removal from nature means the weakening of mankind. While in the Soviet Union, he is really terrified at "the Russian fanatical hatred of flowers and vitriolic contempt for vegetation;" "he is delighted at Japan's artistry in everyday things, streets and dwellings, garden and garment."

This, no doubt, is a true observation and not altogether accidental for judging the substance and the future de-

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velopment of these nations. Hogben realizes how artificially the men in the Kremlin forced economic progress on the repugnant or musty nations of the USSR. On the other hand he is fcll of praise for the traditions and talents of the Japanese, and even assures us that "Anglo-American civilization has much to learn from Japan." In such overstatements there is a grain of truth, worth serious discussion. C. O. CLEVELAND.

BRIEFERS

Medical Work of the Knight Hospitallers of Saint John of Jrusalem. E. E. Hume. Johns Hopkins. $3.00.

ALTHOUGH the other practical needs this great Order was founded to meet have long since disappeared, one aspect of its work is as important now as when it was started in the eleventh century. For nearly nine hundred years the Knights have carried on their medical work in spite of all the difficulties and reverses they have had to face. Dr. Hume, who is both a Knight and an officer in the Army Medical Corps, has written a fascinating account of a great achievement, and the publishers have printed it in a beautiful book.

The Living Chaucer. Percy V. D. Shelly. Pennsylvania. $3.00.

WITH persuasive enthusiasm Professor Shelly expresses his belief that no poet in the world has understood better than Chaucer the art of telling a story. Written for general reader and lover of poetry, this book will inspire its readers with the author's sturdy delight, the pleasures he finds in Chaucer's living art. "His greatness is a present greatness, so that *as we read him today,* we perceive him to be one of the greatest of poets . . . one of the most modern." For brilliant interest the chapter on "Troilus and Criseyde" is recommended.

Letter of Credit. Jerome Weidman. S. & S. $2.75.

DON'T BE discouraged by the jacket blurb. This is nothing so forbidding as "a last look at the world of 1939 . . . by a distinguished young American novelist." It's an itinerary of the long way home (25,000 miles; 442 pages) to the Bronx; a first look at the barbarians who live East of Ellis Island. It doesn't take the distinguished novelist long to learn that he doesn't like museums; he doesn't like scenery; he doesn't like guidebooks; he doesn't like un-American weather; he doesn't like war-talk. What he does like is people, and it's the people he meets on his homesick cruise and the swift, vivid dialogue he puts in their mouths that make this the most readable travel-book of the season.

In The Groove

VICTOR'S series of repressings under black labels, begun before the major companies cut prices, has held up very well, and attains a respectable eminence in its latest album, the *Sixth* or *Pastoral Symphony* of Beethoven (album G-20, $4). This is warmly played, and warmly recorded by the Vienna Philharmonic under Bruno Walter, although there is a little too much bass tone. Listen to it if cost has heretofore kept you from buying a *Pastoral.* Two records (50c each) of the sparkling ballet music from Rossini's *William Tell* are done by a specialist in such music, Constant Lambert conducting the Sadler's Wells Orchestra.

Among earlier albums on which I have not re-

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—Father John Talbot Smith, formerly Chaplain of The Catholic Actors' Guild, New York City.

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SAMUEL FRENCH

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National Art Week
November 25-December 1

Next week THE COMMONWEAL will devote considerable attention to the observance of National Art Week throughout the United States. Reports are coming in from all over the country which indicate that its leading theme will be the bettering of the economic status of the American artist. Citizens everywhere will be encouraged to patronize original art instead of commercialized reproductions. A leading editorial in THE COMMONWEAL will deal with this very subject. And Jerome Mellquist, noted New York art critic, will survey the baker's dozen of the season's leading art books.

BACK OF THE STOCKYARDS by Edward Skillin, Jr., is a firsthand account of the splendid rehabilitation being carried out in the impoverished Chicago stockyards districts under the inspiration of Bishop Sheil. It will tell how this is being carried on, not by any outside agency but by the people themselves. It is a spectacle of rebirth in the tradition of genuine American democracy. An inspiring story of active cooperation between storekeepers and packinghouse workers, boys' athletic clubs and parish pastors, the local newspaper, the neighborhood Chamber of Commerce and leading labor unions.

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ported are the *Scènes de Ballet* of Glazunov, by the New Symphony Orchestra under Eugene Goossens (album G-17, $2.50); charming only in spots, and one of the scenes is now an execrably lingering radio signature song, for I forget what program. Liszt's flashy and dated *Hungarian Fantasia* is struck off by Benno Moiseivitch and the London Philharmonic, Coates conducting, to which is appended Liszt's *Mefisto Waltz No. 2* by the same conductor with the London Symphony (album G-19, $2.50).

More black labels, and the subject of Christmas gifts suggests itself. Marie Houston, soprano, sings six records of songs to Shakespeare's lyrics, with piano and harpsichord accompaniments by Frank LaForge, and flutework by Justus Gelfus (Victor album P-39, $3.50); a wide selection, dating in musical style from Shakespeare's time to the present. Junior Programs, Inc., a very worthwhile organization which sends junior operas, plays and ballets throughout the land, has made two Victor albums: its ballet, *Robin Hood,* which on the stage has a single narrator, but here is done by a speaking cast to a musical background of old English tunes (P-35, $2); and *Hänsel and Gretel,* with an orchestra and capable singers (P-38, $2.50). Decca's *Christmas Songs for Children* (album 161) contains miscellaneous orchestral pieces and a recitation of *'Twas the Night Before Christmas,* with sound effects, by Frank Luther. Columbia's *Old World Folk Dances* (popular album J-21) contains some nice tunes, played with simple clarity by Arnold Foster and the National Folk Dance Orchestra.

The best big recording of the month is the Beethoven *Violin Concerto in D Major,* performed with fullness and finish by Jascha Heifetz to the magisterial accompaniment of the NBC Symphony under Arturo Toscanini (Victor album 705, $5). By all means—even if the acoustics of NBC's celebrated Studio 8-H somewhat dull the recorded splendor. Victor is commencing a cycle of works by Sergei Rachmaninoff, and, putting his personal, pianistic contributions aside, I cannot get excited. His *Symphony No. 3 in A Minor,* well recorded though it is by the Philadelphia Orchestra under his baton (album 712, $5), is derivative, old-hat, not likely to demand repeated future playings. Kerstin Thorborg with her opulent voice and dramatic musicianship makes much of contralto passages from Wagner's *Ring* operas, *Parsifal* and *Tristan and Isolde,* but why gild the result with the title *Wagnerian Characterizations*? (Victor album 707, $3.50). One of the last six-day Bachcycle work-outs to get its complete recording is the *Musikalisches Opfer* (Musical Offering), a set of fugues, canons and trio-sonata written by Bach on a theme given him by Frederick the Great. A must to Bach-lovers, and satisfactorily recorded by Yella Pessl, harpsichordist, with four strings and four woodwinds (Victor album 709, $6.50).

Igor Stravinsky with the New York Philharmonic Symphony gives such a fine performance of excerpts from his *Petrouchka* ballet, transferred to the discs with such clarity, that one wishes he had allowed more of this work to be recorded (Columbia album X-177, $2.50). Columbia begins a new Gilbert and Sullivan series with an abridged version of *Iolanthe,* sung in good style by the Columbia Light Opera Company under Joseph Batten (album M-422, $5). This, like others to follow, was made in England, and should appeal to those who have not bought the longer D'Oyly Carte albums of Victor. Columbia's most striking work of the month is *Contrasts*

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for Violin, Clarinet and Piano, composed by Bela Bartok, the Hungarian modernist, for his compatriot Joseph Szigeti and—no surprise to those who have followed his career—Benny Goodman, eminent jazzman. It was recorded by the three (album X-178, $2.50). Again, by all means. It is intricate, intellectual, harmonically acrid, tricky in its demands on the performers, and with playings will probably grow upon you. The *Contrasts* are two fast dances and a *Relaxation* which is like relaxing during a cat-fight.

Decca is now recording the Detroit Symphony under Victor Kolar, and offers a brief version of Enesco's stirring *First Rumanian Rhapsody;* a "streamlined" or slightly cut *Scheherazade,* put up in an attractive album (162) but lacking the tonal glow of the lengthier Victor and Columbia sets. Best single discs of the month: Lawrence Tibbett singing Handel's *Where'er You Walk* and *Defend Her! Heaven* (Victor); Sir Thomas Beecham and the London Philharmonic playing the Overture to *Don Giovanni* (Columbia); Peter Warlock's *Capriol Suite,* a collection of lovely old French dances, by Constant Lambert and a string orchestra (Victor).

The choicest jazz record of the month has plenty of Southern exposure and is, in fact, picked direct from the "Race" or Negro list. It's the late Johnny Dodds' Washboard Band playing *Blue Washboard Stomp* in that typical Dixieland style in which the theme is often blue but the background ecstatically joyous. On the other side, the equally good *Bucktown Stomp* (Bluebird). Next, a plaintively beautiful bit of jazz, *Blues Petite,* played by John Kirby and his band, with all the charm of musical understatement; a near-perfect example of soft-toned jazz (Okeh). Count Basie does honors to the Harlem style in a sophisticated rendition of his own *The World Is Mad,* which features some spectacular flashes of bass and piano (Okeh). Note also Bunny Berigan's *Ain't She Sweet* (Victor); Lyle "Spud" Murphy's boogie-woogie background in *Pinetop Breakaway* (Bluebird); and Wingy Manone's melting trumpet in *When I Get You Alone Tonight* (Bluebird).

Will Bradley keeps his music snappy, showy, and fairly simple. The formula seems to work, and the youngsters like *Scrub Me, Mama, With a Boogie Beat* and *Celery Stalks at Midnight* (both Columbia). Artie Shaw and his Gramery Five prove the merits of holding the size of a band down, in their excellent record of *Keepin' Myself for You* (Victor), whose distinguishing feature is the use of the harpsichord as a jazz instrument.

Among the album sets, Columbia has begun to open up its priceless store of fine old jazz recordings, with a series called *Original Records That Made Jazz History.* (I wish I were vice-president-in-charge-of-titles in one of these companies.) The first is *King Louis,* which contains two valuable collector's items, *S. O. L. Blues* and *Twelfth Street Rag,* which have never been released before; and some others which all have been pronounced, by this authority or that, as the best Louis Armstrong ever made (album C-28). Next in the series is a set by Flecher Henderson, said to have been the first musician to use full-band orchestration in the current swing style. This album boasts of two rarities: *Can Lou Take It,* from a previously unissued master recording, and *Hop Off,* recorded in 1927 but never before released (album C-30). Decca has a good album called Tropic Nights, Mexican songs suavely delivered by Elvira Rios.

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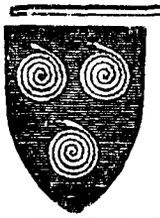

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Christmas Cards Go into Second Printing

Orders for sample sets and favorite cards bearing Commonweal Christmas greetings have been so heavy of late that we have been forced to reprint some of the more popular cards. The Christmas card rush is on. It is high time to send for your sample set and, if you have your set, to order the greeting of your choice.

Some readers may still think that our efforts to foster the use of appropriate Christmas cards have no reflection in general public demand. But there are indications that the public is swinging in the same direction. We quote with permission from a clever book of verse, "Time for a Quick One" by Margaret Fishback, just published by Harcourt, Brace.

Moderne

"Christmas cards confuse me so—
Why the kittens? Why the doe?
Why the little coal-black Scottie?
. . . . . ."

P.E.G. Quercus, who conducts the column, "Trade Winds" in the *Saturday Review of Literature,* says in the October 26 issue, "the excellent Catholic weekly, The Commonweal, utters a justified squawk about the usual run of Christmas cards. This year it has had some of its own designed in collaboration with the quarterly *Liturgical Arts*. These, it says, are 'no hackneyed commercial art, no watered pietism, and no nonsense about cute but meaningless scotties'." Sort of rough on scotties, these literary gems, but the sentiment is unmistakable.

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The Inner Forum

WITH WAR raging in Europe and Asia there is the deepest concern for the maintenance of Catholic Missions in various parts of the world. *The Field Afar* for November gives some interesting data on the presnt situation: "Noting that an optimistic letter had been received from Bishop William F. O'Shea, of Maryknoll, Vicar Apostolic of Heijo, Korea, a speaker on a Vatican broadcast said: 'The apostolate of international charity has not abated in the East, while the Christian Occident is gasping under the losses inflicted by its weapons of war.' Giving color to Bishop O'Shea's optimism is the fact that there are about 30,000 Catholic missioners performing social service of an indispensable kind in Asia and Africa. Among the missioners at work are 8,795 French priests, Brothers, and Sisters; 5,136 Italians; 5,013 Germans, 3,211 Hollanders; 2,895 Belgians; 1,958 Irish; 1,626 Spaniards; and 1,042 English. The figure from Canada is 1,850, and that from the United States, 1,402—a ten-power collaboration so solidly established as to make it a league of international charity, a union of hearts in a Christian commonwealth."

The Far East has been suffering from war the longest, but this great missionary field has had many new opportunities because of the war in China. *Catholic Missions* cites the *Revista Catolica* of Mexico to this effect: " 'Since the war began, the number of Chinese catechumens [candidates for baptism] has doubled. They now number more than a million. It is estimated that some fifteen to twenty million Chinese have been placed in close contact with the missioners owing to the disaster of war. They have begun to appreciate the Catholic religion.' Incidentally, the present Catholic population of China is 3,142,950."

Catholic Missions also reports that there are at present in native seminaries throughout the Church's missionary fields some 13,600 students studying for the priesthood. "Foreign missioners must first clear the ground. They must plough, harrow and sow it until its own sons, taught by them, are able to assume their rightful place, till the land and gather in the harvest. . . . What took place in ancient Europe and is seen in America today, must and will happen in mission lands. . . . China, Japan, Indo-China and India have several dioceses entrusted to a native clergy. On a native priesthood in every land lies the hope of Catholicism."

CONTRIBUTORS

William M. AGAR, formerly headmaster of the Newman School, is teaching at Columbia University and is active in the work of the William Allen White Committee.

Arthur SETTEL was for some years a newspaper correspondent in the Near East, and saw the events he describes.

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